

# THE YAZOO CITY WEEKLY WHIG.

By Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett.

YAZOO CITY, (MS.) FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1853.

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**THE YAZOO CITY WHIG**  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
BY MRS. HARRIET N. PREWETT,  
ON JEFFERSON STREET.

**THE WHIG.**  
The following interesting extract is from  
"Leman's Private Life of Daniel Webster,"  
just published:

"The last time Mr. Webster visited Elms  
Farm, which was in July last, the writer  
was his only companion. All along the  
railroad, on our way from Boston to the  
mountains groups and crowds of people were  
assembled to welcome him to his native  
State; but this had for so long a time been a  
consequence of his annual visits to Elms  
Farm, that he was therefore not taken by  
surprise. At Concord he heard the particu-  
lars of an accident which had happened to  
his man John Taylor, and when told that  
his life was in danger, he was sadly  
distressed, and manifested great impatience  
to reach home. On alighting from the cars  
and stepping upon his threshold, he only  
took time to cast one loving look at his  
noble rows of elms and broad fields, just ready  
for the scythe, before he went to visit his  
tenant. Though he found his yeoman friend  
suffering from a dislocated shoulder, a  
dreadfully bruised breast, and a fearful gash  
in his thigh, some seven inches long, yet  
the doctor had declared him out of danger.  
With this news, Mr. Webster was, of course,  
delighted. Before he left Boston he had  
heard of the accident, but no particulars;  
and as he did not apprehend any danger,  
his first thought was, 'What shall I take  
Taylor as a present?' which question he an-  
swered by bringing him a basket of grapes  
and a fresh salmon. The present was fit  
for a king, but John Taylor deserved it."

"The accident alluded to was caused by  
an angry bull, who turned upon his keeper  
in a fit of causeless anger, and not tossed  
him high into the air with his horns, but  
trampled him under his feet. It is a wonder  
the man was not killed. What saved him  
was the presence of mind which he  
manifested in seizing and holding on to a  
ring in the bull's nose. In spite of his  
wickedness, this animal deserves a passing  
notice in this connection, in this as he was  
a very great favorite with his owner. He  
was presented to Mr. Webster by his devoted  
friend, Roswell L. Colt, Esq., of New  
Jersey, and he is of what is called the Hun-  
garian breed. He is magnificent creature  
quite young, weighs some two thousand  
pounds, of beautiful mouse or slate color,  
and has a neck which measures more than  
six feet in circumference. John Taylor's  
account of the attack upon himself, and of  
other exploits by the bull, was very amus-  
ing; and when asked by Mr. Webster if he  
really thought the animal dangerous and  
ought to be chained, he replied, 'Why, he  
is no more fit to go abroad than your friend  
Governor Kossuth himself.' Rather strong  
language this, replied Mr. Webster, 'but  
when a man has been gored almost to death  
by a Hungarian bull, it is not strange that  
he should be severe upon the Hungarian  
Governor.'"

"A short time before we left Boston for  
Elms Farm, Mr. Webster directed the writ-  
ter to go to a book-store and purchase some  
forty or fifty volumes of late English books  
for his use at the farm. He left the selec-  
tion entirely to the purchaser, and he was,  
of course, much gratified to know that his  
judgment in this rather delicate commission  
was fully approved. The collection consist-  
ed of one or two old dictionaries, works on  
natural history, books of travel, a little his-  
tory, and several volumes of correspondence,  
but not a fragment on politics."

"A number of reviews were also sent up  
by the book-sellers, containing elaborate  
articles about himself and the complete edi-  
tion of his works. When he found him at  
leisure, the writer handed him these, but  
he would not look at them. The writer then  
told him that they were well written,  
an offer was made to read some of them  
aloud, but he would not consent. The rea-  
sons that he gave declining even to know  
what had been said were, that such things  
were not at all interesting to him; that he  
had done his best through life, and that this  
consciousness was more comforting to him  
than the good opinions of those who knew  
him not; that he was getting to be an old  
man; that his candle of life was already in  
the socket; and that to one just entering life,  
these things might be pleasant, but he was  
going off the stage, and had no taste for  
them; that if anybody should misrepresent  
him in regard to facts, and he heard of it,  
he would set them right, but good opin-  
ions were of very little interest or value to him."

"And here the writer would record what  
he deems the effect, upon Mr. Webster, of  
the Baltimore whig nomination for Presi-  
dent. He was, indeed, by far the greatest  
of all the candidates brought forward by  
his party, and though his defeat must have  
caused some disappointment, he never, for

a single moment, manifested any regret. He  
told the writer on one occasion, that his  
friends had done all they could do for him,  
and he was satisfied; and then added, with  
a tremulous voice and tears in his eyes,  
"Thank God, one thing is certain, they could  
not take away from me what I have done for  
my country." Of both the gentlemen who  
were nominated, the writer has heard him  
speak in terms of praise. Of Gen. Scott, as  
a military man, he spoke in the highest  
terms; and said that Congress ought, long  
ago, to have made him a lieutenant-general.  
Gen. Pierce, he said, he had known from  
boyhood, and all his family; and, in spite of  
some hard things which 'Frank' (for so he  
designated him) had uttered against him  
some years ago, he was compelled to like  
him, to think him a good fellow, a smarter  
man than people thought him to be, and  
wished him all prosperity. He was un-  
doubtedly far more cheerful and happy after  
the nomination than he had been immedi-  
ately before. With the convention alluded  
to, terminated all his anxieties, and it is  
certain that he had of late been more anx-  
ious about quietly and faithfully performing his  
duties, both private and public, and prepar-  
ing for the future, than about anything else  
connected with this world."

"Many were the delightful rides which  
the writer had the happiness to enjoy with  
Mr. Webster along the Merrimack valley,  
and around and over the picturesque hills  
of his native Salisbury; and it is with un-  
feigned pleasure that the writer remembers  
the fact that he was with him when he took  
his last ride over his farm, and visited for  
the last time the place of his birth. It was  
after a night of showers and a most charm-  
ing day, we went in an easy double ear-  
riage, and the writer held the reins. He  
was personally acquainted with almost  
everybody we met, and only did he stop  
and exchange a word of kindness with his  
old friends, but he also bade me pull up the  
horses whenever he met a party of little  
children going to school or gathering ber-  
ries, so that he might lovingly inquire their  
names and ask after their parents. He was  
in fine spirits, and seemed to be delighted  
with the singing of the birds, which posi-  
tively seemed anxious to manifest their glad-  
ness at his presence. But, alas! these sweet  
and much-loved sounds will never again  
greet his ear. He looked with a critical eye  
upon all the fields and gardens, and every  
bit of scenery that we saw, fit for a picture-  
he expatiated upon most eloquently."

"We rode through a part of the village  
of Boscaawen, and he pointed out the spot  
where he went to school in his fourteenth  
year, and where he subsequently first be-  
came acquainted with Grace Fletcher (his  
first wife,) whom he mentioned at that time,  
and always mentioned as 'the mother of his  
children.' To her he was married in the  
summer of 1807, and she died in the city of  
New York in 1827. The visit to the spot  
of his birth was pleasant, but mournful.  
We drank a cup of water together out of  
the old well, and it was with subdued feel-  
ings that he walked over the sod where he  
sported in childhood, and talked in the most  
affectionate manner of the olden times. As  
the writer has elsewhere remarked, the  
house, in which he was born is not now stand-  
ing; and it is due to the writer to state that  
the only authentic view of that house, with  
the neighboring elm and well, is the one  
which the writer drew while Mr. Webster  
was bending over his shoulder, and an en-  
graving from which embellishes this vol-  
ume."

"Another place that we visited was the  
Big Pasture, so called, which belonged to  
Mr. Webster, and where he was then keep-  
ing about one hundred head of splendid  
cattle. The pasture contained nearly four  
hundred acres, and from the highest point  
there is a fine prospect of the White moun-  
tains. To see Mr. Webster in his regular  
farming suit, and with his white slouched  
hat on his head, and a stick in his hand,  
walking among his cattle, which were col-  
lected together for his inspection, was in-  
deed an interesting and beautiful sight. A  
stranger would have taken him for a stal-  
wart drover or butcher selling or purchasing  
stock; while in reality he was the master-  
mind of the world. The writer was also  
privileged to wet a line for trout, while Mr.  
Webster sat in his carriage and looked on,  
in Punch-brook, upon which are located  
both the birth-place and big pasture, and  
which empties into the Merrimack at Elms  
Farm."

"We also took a drive around Lake Como,  
which is a beautiful sheet of pure water,  
distinct from the farm some three miles,  
and two miles long, and surrounded with  
a handsomely cultivated country. The lake  
abounds in perch and pike and, of course,  
Mr. Webster ever had a fish-house there,  
and a boat in which he was accustomed to

enjoy, and permit his friends to enjoy, the  
pleasant recreation of angling. On the  
borders of this we halted before a nice  
country house, flanked by a noble farm,  
when Mr. Webster sent in for its master;  
and on his appearance, introduced him to  
the 'very worthy nephew.' The person thus  
introduced was a tall, thin man, who look-  
ed as if nature had formed him of its tough-  
est sinews, and browned him with the hues  
of the most substantial health. The nephew  
returned the civilities of his distinguished  
uncle in a plain, blunt manner; but with af-  
fection; and little did he believe that the  
mere fact of his being thus connected would  
elevate him, in many parts of the country,  
to a decided lion."

"We also visited the junction of those two  
mountain streams which form the Merrimack.  
The scenery at this point is wild and  
romantic, and as the immediate banks of the  
main river as you descend are rank with ve-  
getation and all intervals highly cultiva-  
ted, and the residences of the farmers all  
neat and comfortable; a ride of half a dozen  
miles down the river is indescribably beautiful  
and when enjoyed with such a companion  
who recognized an old friend in every tree  
and stone, the reader may well imagine that  
this pleasure was unalloyed by the writer, it  
can certainly never be forgotten."

**"Wait for the Wagon."**  
Most of our readers are familiar with the  
tune of this song. Perhaps we may do a favor  
to many by publishing the words.  
Will you come with me, dear Phillis;  
To the green mountain tree;  
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,  
Come rove along with me,  
It's every Sunday morning,  
When I am by your side,  
We will jump into the wagon,  
And we'll all take a ride.

When the moon shines like silver,  
And the birds they sing so sweet,  
I have a cabin, Phillis,  
And something good to eat.  
Come listen to my story,  
And it will relieve your heart;  
And we will jump into the wagon,  
And off we will start.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear,  
Old Dick and all his wealth,  
Could make you half so happy,  
As I with you and health?  
We will have a little farm,  
A horse, a pig, a cow,  
And you will mind the dairy,  
And I will mind the plow.

Your lips as red as poppies,  
Your hair as black and neat,  
All brided with daisies,  
And holly hocks so sweet,  
It's every Sunday morning,  
When I am by your side,  
We will jump into the wagon,  
And all take a ride.

Together on life's journey,  
We will travel till we stop,  
So come with me, dear Phillis,  
My dear, my loving bride,  
And we will jump into the wagon,  
And all take a ride.

**HANNAH MOORE'S OPINION.**—This eminent  
woman wrote discriminately of the male  
and female intellect. She remarks: "One may  
venture, perhaps to assert that women  
have equal parts but are inferior in wholen-  
ess of mind in the integral understanding  
that though a superior woman may pos-  
sess single faculties in equal perfection yet  
there is a juster proportion in the mind of  
a superior man; that if women have, in an  
equal degree, the faculty of fancy which  
creates images, and the faculty of memory  
which collects and stores ideas, they seem  
not to possess in equal measure the faculty  
of comparing, analysing, and separating  
these ideas; that deep and patient thinking  
which goes to the bottom of a subject; nor  
that power of arrangements which knows  
how to link a thousand connected ideas to  
one dependent train without losing sight of  
the original idea out of which the rest grew,  
and on which they all hang. The female,  
too, wanting steadiness in her intellectual pur-  
suits, is perpetually turned aside by her  
characteristic tastes and feelings."

**AMERICAN CARPETS.**—The magnificent  
carpet made for the Library of Congress from  
a pattern compiled by Mr. Dodson of the house  
Clagett & Dodson, of this city has been re-  
cently made, and is in the hands of the upholsterers for  
the purpose of laying down. The pattern was com-  
posed with reference to the general arrange-  
ment and decoration of the room that it may re-  
flect as if from the surface of a sublimated  
stream the images of the objects above and  
around. The noble carpet is of American man-  
ufacture from the carpet works of Mr. Griswold  
of Troy, New York. It has an area of 1,000  
yards and is sold at a price a dollar a yard less  
than an inferior article would have brought  
three years ago. It is a *chief d'oeuvre* of carpet  
weaving.—*Nat. Intelligencer*

The cure of all the ills and woes, the  
cares and sorrows, and crimes of humanity lies  
in that one word, Love; it is the divine vitality.  
To each and every one of us it gives the power  
of working miracles if we will.

An alderman, having grown enormous  
by fat, it was proposed to write on his back,  
"Widened at the expense of the corporation."

"If you make a present, give what  
will be useful."

**\$50,000**

**REWARD**

HAVING been burned out by the recent  
fire, and being desirous of closing my busi-  
ness, I will sell my ENTIRE STOCK (from  
15 to \$30,000 worth) of

**STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,**  
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Saddles,  
etc., etc.,

at Cost, for CASH.  
Merchants as well as Planters would do well  
to call and examine my stock one door below  
J. J. Fouché. N. W. ELLIS.  
Yazoo city, Dec. 10, 1852. 23-3m

**Classical School.**  
THE undersigned would respectfully inform  
the citizens of Yazoo city, that he will  
take charge of the Classical School in that  
place on the first Monday in January, 1853.

He proposes to teach all the branches of Education  
usually taught in such schools, viz: Latin,  
Greek, French, and Mathematics, also the  
Natural Sciences.

Having had several years successful experience  
in teaching in the South, he feels confi-  
dent of giving satisfaction to the patrons of the  
school. And he obligates himself to make the  
school one of permanency and high reputation,  
provided he receives liberal patronage from the  
citizens of Yazoo city and vicinity.

Tuition fees from \$3 00 to \$5 00.  
J. A. SAMPLE.  
December 3, 1852. 21-1f

**Fruit and Ornamental Trees and  
Shrubs.**

**HATCH & CO.,**  
Vicksburg, Mississippi.

INVITE the attention of the cultivators of  
choice Fruit and Flowers, to their extensive  
collection of Trees and Plants now on hand,  
comprising a great variety of new Roses, Green-  
house Plants, Hardy Trees and Shrubs, &c.—  
Priced catalogue of Fruit Trees, Hardy Trees  
and Shrubs, House plants, Roses, &c., supplied  
to post-paid applicants, or can be had of C. T.  
MANN, Druggist, Yazoo city.

Vicksburg, Dec. 10, 1852. 22-3m.

**Office Mississippi Central Railroad  
Company.**

**HOLLY SPRINGS, Nov. 23, 1852.**  
**NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.**  
A MEETING of the stockholders of the  
Mississippi Central Railroad Company will  
be held at Carrollton in Carroll county on  
Thursday the 6th day of January next, for the  
purpose of accepting or rejecting the amend-  
ment to the Charter enacted at the recent  
called session of the Legislature of this State,  
approved October 16th, 1852, and for the trans-  
action of such other business as may at that  
time be deemed important for the interest of  
the company.

W. GOODMAN President.  
December 10, 1852. 22-3f.

**A. B. FANTON, F. R. TURLEY,**  
Vicksburg, Miss.

(Successors to T. B. Wheeler & Co.)  
ALWAYS keep on hand the largest variety  
of Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hats, Caps,  
Clothing, Saddles, Carpet &c., in Vicksburg—  
Their stock is equal in richness, cheapness and  
extent to any in the southwest—New Orleans  
not excepted. [Nov 10-12]

**FERRY NOTICE.**  
ORDERED by the Board of Police of Yazoo  
county, that from and after this date, the  
following shall be the rates of toll at Rich-  
ards', and Andrews' ferries on the Yazoo River:  
For a wagon & 2 horses, mules or oxen, 40 cts.  
" Each additional animal, 10 cts.  
" Carriage and 2 horses or mules, 35 cts.  
" Buggy and 1 horse, 25 cts.  
" Man and horse, 15 cts.  
" Footman, 10 cts.  
Over 4 footmen at the same time, 5 cts.  
Loose horses, mules or oxen, 5 cts.  
And it is further ordered, that these rates  
be published in the Yazoo City Whig, five times.  
Attest: JAS. H. BELL, clerk.  
December 17, 1852. 22-5f.

**GUNS! GUNS!—Fine Double barrel Guns.**  
\$15 to \$75: Fine assortments of Rifles, all  
made to order and warranted.  
Colt's and Allen's Revolvers.  
Single barrel Deringer and others.  
Oct 29-16. DOWNING & MOODY

**OLD PORT and Madeira Wine, for medicine,**  
purposes, in store and for sale by  
may 31, 1852. D. TAMBOURNE.

**Mississippi Female College**  
(Under the patronage of the Mississippi Ba-  
pist State Convention.)

Rev. Wm. Carey Crane, A. M. President,  
and Professor of Ancient Languages, Ethic  
and Belles Letters.  
Henr. M. Jeter, M. D., Lecturer on Chem-  
istry.

Thomas W. White, A. M., L. L. B., Lec-  
turer on Political Economy.  
Miss Mary A. Lynde, Instructor in Mathe-  
matics and Music.

Miss Celeste M. Scollard, Instructor in  
Natural Science and Ornamental branches.  
Miss Sarah F. Jones, Instructor pro tem in  
Music on the Piano.

Miss Elizabeth Dwight, Instructor elect in  
Music and English.  
W. B. Towns, Instructor in Music on the  
Guitar.

Miss A. C. Satterfield, Preceptor of the Pri-  
mary Department.  
Miss B. B. Pierce, Matron.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane, boarding department.  
The next session will commence on Mon-  
day, February 20th, and close on Wednes-  
day, July 20th. Pupils received at any time  
and on terms. The annual expenses hereafter  
of a boarding pupil, who enters for one year,  
will not exceed \$130, without extras. Pupils  
entering for a session (and none will be re-  
ceived for a shorter time) will be charged ac-  
cording to the rates published in the circu-  
lars. The college offers, in all respects, as  
good advantages as any other in the West  
or South. H. B. Towns, Dec 1852. 23-1f.

Vicksburg Whig publish six weeks

**THE WHIG.**



FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1853.

**Tender of the Calmet of Peace.**

A well-worded appeal appears in the last  
Mississippian from Messrs. McAfee and  
Hussey, Union-democratic members of the  
State Senate, addressed to the other Union  
democrats in the Legislature, suggesting  
the propriety of not merely forgiveness, but  
forgetfulness of the past, between both branches  
of the democracy. The appeal argues  
that the causes which excited the differences  
of the last two years, have passed away;  
and therefore the differences themselves  
should cease; it concedes that all democrats  
were honest in motive, and upright in in-  
tention, and that their only dispute was as  
to the best mode of serving the country;  
and it argues the meeting together in com-  
mon party convention, where neither the ap-  
pellation of "Union" or "State Rights"  
shall be heard.

We think that Messrs. McAfee and Hus-  
sey deceive themselves in their overweening  
desire to be re-united to those leaders, who  
control the great body of the Mississippi  
democracy. Such a desire is natural; but  
when carried so far as to violate great prin-  
ciples, is liable to the imputation of im-  
proper motives. The great distinction between  
Union and State Rights democrats, was a  
leading principle: Secessionism! The en-  
deavor of the latter was, to array the State  
of Mississippi in an antagonistic attitude  
to the Union and her sister States; to demand  
a redress for supposed grievances, at the  
same time that it was acknowledged that  
no effectual redress could be afforded except  
by a dissolution of the Union; to arm Mis-  
sissippi for her own defence, and to bid de-  
fiance to the authority of the Union. To  
this end the right of secession was insisted  
on—secession at her own will and pleasure,  
without question, disturbance, or opposition  
—the right of dissolving the Union at any  
time she herself pleased, for any cause she  
thought adequate, and by any mode her  
convenience dictated. Here was the prin-  
ciple that the secession democracy asserted;  
here the political course it advocated. We  
care not about referring to the abuse, the  
impropriety, the accusations heaped upon  
the friends of the Union by the secession  
leaders, or to remind the former, that the  
support of the compromise was, in the esti-  
mation of the latter, treason to the South,  
and a half-way abolitionism. But we have  
a right to ask Messrs. McAfee and Hussey,  
how they can claim that

"All the clouds that lowered on their houses,  
Are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried,"  
when they must acknowledge that these  
State Rights leaders still affirm this prin-  
ciple of secessionism, this right to dissolve  
the Union whenever and however they please  
and still ostracize the great leader of the  
Union democracy, but for whose patriotic  
efforts, the star of Mississippi would have  
been shot madly from its sphere? How can they  
acknowledge that it was the wish of the se-  
cession leaders to serve their country, when  
the avowed purpose of too many of them  
was to break it up; or how stoop to flatter  
and to fawn upon them, by praising their  
honesty and uprightness, when they can  
name shores of the very leaders, whom they  
now propose to serve, that were politically  
both dishonest and corrupt?

When State Rights democrats eschew  
their favorite doctrine of secessionism, and  
no longer make the efforts of Senator Foote  
to sustain the compromise and preserve the  
Union, a barrier to that support they so  
abundantly gave him previously, then can  
Union democrats consistently let by-gones  
be by-gones—bury all animosity, and once  
more see a re-united party. But State Rights  
democracy yet reigns, in principle and name,  
as long as the right of secession is claimed,  
and the ostracism of Gov. Foote is the rally-  
ing word; while these are continued, State  
Rightsism yet wars on Union democracy,  
and it cannot be regarded but as an ignoble  
desertion of principle, of duty, of gratitude  
and of men, if, with this warfare continued  
Union democracy yields its name, abandons  
its leader, or surrenders its great and card-  
inal tenet.—*Natches Courier*

A patch of cotton has been sown in  
the Sacramento Valley California in ninety two  
days. Mr. Colby who raised it will in February  
sow a large field and make it a permanent  
business. The sugar-cane, figs, rice and cotton  
have been raised thus far by experiment pro-  
ving that the soil and climate is adapted to the  
culture of each of these.

**Daniel Webster.**

The following interesting extract is from  
"Leman's Private Life of Daniel Webster,"  
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"The last time Mr. Webster visited Elms  
Farm, which was in July last, the writer  
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manifested in seizing and holding on to a  
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notice in this connection, in this as he was  
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friend, Roswell L. Colt, Esq., of New  
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quite young, weighs some two thousand  
pounds, of beautiful mouse or slate color,  
and has a neck which measures more than  
six feet in circumference. John Taylor's  
account of the attack upon himself, and of  
other exploits by the bull, was very amus-  
ing; and when asked by Mr. Webster if he  
really thought the animal dangerous and  
ought to be chained, he replied, 'Why, he  
is no more fit to go abroad than your friend  
Governor Kossuth himself.' Rather strong  
language this, replied Mr. Webster, 'but  
when a man has been gored almost to death  
by a Hungarian bull, it is not strange that  
he should be severe upon the Hungarian  
Governor.'"

"A short time before we left Boston for  
Elms Farm, Mr. Webster directed the writ-  
ter to go to a book-store and purchase some  
forty or fifty volumes of late English books  
for his use at the farm. He left the selec-  
tion entirely to the purchaser, and he was,  
of course, much gratified to know that his  
judgment in this rather delicate commission  
was fully approved. The collection consist-  
ed of one or two old dictionaries, works on  
natural history, books of travel, a little his-  
tory, and several volumes of correspondence,  
but not a fragment on politics."

"A number of reviews were also sent up  
by the book-sellers, containing elaborate  
articles about himself and the complete edi-  
tion of his works. When he found him at  
leisure, the writer handed him these, but  
he would not look at them. The writer then  
told him that they were well written,  
an offer was made to read some of them  
aloud, but he would not consent. The rea-  
sons that he gave declining even to know  
what had been said were, that such things  
were not at all interesting to him; that he  
had done his best through life, and that this  
consciousness was more comforting to him  
than the good opinions of those who knew  
him not; that he was getting to be an old  
man; that his candle of life was already in  
the socket; and that to one just entering life,  
these things might be pleasant, but he was  
going off the stage, and had no taste for  
them; that if anybody should misrepresent  
him in regard to facts, and he heard of it,  
he would set them right, but good opin-  
ions were of very little interest or value to him."

"And here the writer would record what  
he deems the effect, upon Mr. Webster, of  
the Baltimore whig nomination for Presi-  
dent. He was, indeed, by far the greatest  
of all the candidates brought forward by  
his party, and though his defeat must have  
caused some disappointment, he never, for

a single moment, manifested any regret. He  
told the writer on one occasion, that his  
friends had done all they could do for him,  
and he was satisfied; and then added, with  
a tremulous voice and tears in his eyes,  
"Thank God, one thing is certain, they could  
not take away from me what I have done for  
my country." Of both the gentlemen who  
were nominated, the writer has heard him  
speak in terms of praise. Of Gen. Scott, as  
a military man, he spoke in the highest  
terms; and said that Congress ought, long  
ago, to have made him a lieutenant-general.  
Gen. Pierce, he said, he had known from  
boyhood, and all his family; and, in spite of  
some hard things which 'Frank' (for so he  
designated him) had uttered against him  
some years ago, he was compelled to like  
him, to think him a good fellow, a smarter  
man than people thought him to be, and  
wished him all prosperity. He was un-  
doubtedly far more cheerful and happy after  
the nomination than he had been immedi-  
ately before. With the convention alluded  
to, terminated all his anxieties, and it is  
certain that he had of late been more anx-  
ious about quietly and faithfully performing his  
duties, both private and public, and prepar-  
ing for the future, than about anything else  
connected with this world."

"Many were the delightful rides which  
the writer had the happiness to enjoy with  
Mr. Webster along the Merrimack valley,  
and around and over the picturesque hills  
of his native Salisbury; and it is with un-  
feigned pleasure that the writer remembers  
the fact that he was with him when he took  
his last ride over his farm, and visited for  
the last time the place of his birth. It was  
after a night of showers and a most charm-  
ing day, we went in an easy double ear-  
riage, and the writer held the reins. He  
was personally acquainted with almost  
everybody we met, and only did he stop  
and exchange a word of kindness with his  
old friends, but he also bade me pull up the  
horses whenever he met a party of little  
children going to school or gathering ber-  
ries, so that he might lovingly inquire their  
names and ask after their parents. He was  
in fine spirits, and seemed to be delighted  
with the singing of the birds, which posi-  
tively seemed anxious to manifest their glad-  
ness at his presence. But, alas! these sweet  
and much-loved sounds will never again  
greet his ear. He looked with a critical eye  
upon all the fields and gardens, and every  
bit of scenery that we saw, fit for a picture-  
he expatiated upon most eloquently."

"We rode through a part of the village  
of Boscaawen, and he pointed out the spot  
where he went to school in his fourteenth  
year, and where he subsequently first be-  
came acquainted with Grace Fletcher (his  
first wife,) whom he mentioned at that time,  
and always mentioned as 'the mother of his  
children.' To her he was married in the  
summer of 1807, and she died in the city of  
New York in 1827. The visit to the spot  
of his birth was pleasant, but mournful.  
We drank a cup of water together out of  
the old well, and it was with subdued feel-  
ings that he walked over the sod where he  
sported in childhood, and talked in the most  
affectionate manner of the olden times. As  
the writer has elsewhere remarked, the  
house, in which he was born is not now stand-  
ing; and it is due to the writer to state that  
the only authentic view of that house, with  
the neighboring elm and well, is the one  
which the writer drew while Mr. Webster  
was bending over his shoulder, and an en-  
graving from which embellishes this vol-  
ume."

"Another place that we visited was the  
Big Pasture, so called, which belonged to  
Mr. Webster, and where he was then keep-  
ing about one hundred head of splendid  
cattle. The pasture contained nearly four  
hundred acres, and from the highest point  
there is a fine prospect of the White moun-  
tains. To see Mr. Webster in his regular  
farming suit, and with his white slouched  
hat on his head, and a stick in his hand,  
walking among his cattle, which were col-  
lected together for his inspection, was in-  
deed an interesting and beautiful sight. A  
stranger would have taken him for a stal-  
wart drover or butcher selling or purchasing  
stock; while in reality he was the master-  
mind of the world. The writer was also  
privileged to wet a line for trout, while Mr.  
Webster sat in his carriage and looked on,  
in Punch-brook, upon which are located  
both the birth-place and big pasture, and  
which empties into the Merrimack at Elms  
Farm."

"We also took a drive around Lake Como,  
which is a beautiful sheet of pure water,  
distinct from the farm some three miles,  
and two miles long, and surrounded with  
a handsomely cultivated country. The lake  
abounds in perch and pike and, of course,  
Mr. Webster ever had a fish-house there,  
and a boat in which he was accustomed to

enjoy, and permit his friends to enjoy, the  
pleasant recreation of angling. On the  
borders of this we halted before a nice  
country house, flanked by a noble farm,  
when Mr. Webster sent in for its master;  
and on his appearance, introduced him to  
the 'very worthy nephew.' The person thus  
introduced was a tall, thin man, who look-  
ed as if nature had formed him of its tough-  
est sinews, and browned him with the hues  
of the most substantial health. The nephew  
returned the civilities of his distinguished  
uncle in a plain, blunt manner; but with af-  
fection; and little did he believe that the  
mere fact of his being thus connected would  
elevate him, in many parts of the country,  
to a decided lion."

"We also visited the junction of those two  
mountain streams which form the Merrimack.  
The scenery at this point is wild and  
romantic, and as the immediate banks of the  
main river as you descend are rank with